THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 48.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 72.

.....Sapere aude,
Incipe .....
Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Di tibi formam
Di tibi divitias dederunt artemque fruendi.

SOCIETY opens so many advantages that are not to be procured without its assistance, that it is natural to seek its pleasures and delight in its smiles.

The weakness of the individual leads him to associate with others for mutual protection, and the dependence, which is felt by each upon all, is the foundation of society. But in addition to the *necessity* of union there is a principle implanted in our nature which brings us to society for all the pleasures and happiness of life and teaches us to find in the reciprocal interchange of good offices, a virtue which it is our duty to practise and an employment suited to our nature.

There have however been sects of pretended philosophers (for, says a great writer, every known absurdity has at one time or other been supported by philosophers) who have advocated a seclusion from the world as a command of religion and made the happiness of a future existence to depend on a renunciation of all the pleasures which were offered in this. An absurdity so evident had but little probability of being a popular error, as the language of the heart would be heard above all the oratory of the schools, and the voice of nature forever drown the sophistry of fanatics. The solitary being that should be persuaded to retreat from society would no longer partake the human nature. The heart extends its tendrils to society and derives from it those principles and affections, which are an honor to our nature. It is impossible to destroy these feelings; in a bosom not as cold and sterile as marble they are of almost spontaneous growth. The inhabitants of the same town when they meet each other at a distance and among strangers become intimate from the circumstance of their birth in the same place, although they had formerly never been acquainted. Citizens of the same state have a similarity of feeling which lead them when at a distance from home, to mix in each other's society. We feel a peculiar interest for our own countrymen when we meet among foreigners, and should have a right to claim a fellow feeling with an inhabitant of the same world, if it were possible to meet him in any other planet of our system. Of the same world! Yes, probably of the system itself, if we were thrown together in some distant part of infinite creation.

But the pleasures of society like all others of which our nature is ca-

pable must be restricted to produce their greatest good. The force must be collected to a point, not be destroyed by expansion. The feelings which lead us almost without intention to seek our countrymen and fellow townsmen from the multitude by whom we are surrounded, is an express negation of that general system of undistinguishing philanthropy which it was once so fashionable to propagate and pretend to believe. We have all predilections and favorites, and it is this which gives to society most of its charms. We love to collect around us a little circle of friends whose manners, habits and sentiments are congenial with our own, a circle in which we can lay aside the severe duties of business and relax the necessary formalities of public life, where our prejudices will not be despised and even our weaknesses be pardoned—It is in a circle of this kind that those sentiments are first formed which go to the civilization and refinement of society. The union of numerous bodies of people gives to the civil state its political strength, its weight and consequence among nations; but the union of smaller numbers is necessary to produce those salutary establishments which constitute in a great degree the internal refinement and character of the people. The establishment of societies therefore for benevolent and charitable purposes; for the promotion of useful discoveries, for the general interest of literature, science and humanity, are peculiarly advantageous to a community when the objects for which they are first designed are rigidly adhered to.

The Masonic Institution as it is the most ancient is likewise the most extensive and probably the most beneficial in its operations of any that has ever been established; speaking of it only as a charitable institution it has certainly been productive of vast benefit to society at large. By adopting in every country a common motive and principle it gives to every wanderer a home and finds for the unprotected stranger, friends and a country when he had no other resource. The Royal Academy at London and the French National Institute are associations for the advancement of literature and science, which have anticipated the unassisted progress of the mind by more than a century. By furnishing a motive for exertion and a reward for labor they have constrained that attention to important intellectual subjects which would otherwise have been dissipated on inferior objects.

Inexhaustible are the pursuits to which the attention of a few associated individuals may be directed with advantage and without embarrassment to themselves, that a solitary being would find exceedingly difficult if not impossible to attain. The citizens of our own country have taken an honorable part in these useful arrangements, and we find numerous societies established for all valuable purposes, and some of them very handsomely endowed. Charity has never so suitable a manner for bestowing her bounty as is afforded by these means.—The small assessments, which are paid without inconvenience, gradually accumulate in the treasury and are ready for the necessities of the distressed at the moment of need. The assistance that is conveyed to poverty, which had often rather be miserable than complain, is ministered by an almost invisible arm, and checks not those feelings, which better days perhaps had reared, nor wounds the sensibility while it dissipates misfortune.

As present wealth is no certain security against future want, estab-

lishments of this kind are universally interesting. To constitute a fund in the day of prosperity by small deductions which would never be missed from the superfluity enjoyed, which fund should be appropriated to the future distresses of any of the members who assisted to create it, is a favorite plan among the middling classes of England, and has often been productive of the most happy consequences to a suffering family, and saved for future respectability the helpless and unprotected orphans, who would otherwise have been the spoil of the first profligate that had been acquainted with their distress.

As our country grows older the necessity of similar institutions will be more apparent. But they should be formed in our infancy and grow with our growth, and though the present generation have less need of their advantages than those probably who succeed us, yet it is certainly pleasant for a man as he lays his head upon his pillow to reflect that he has passed his evening in a social and agreeable converse with his neighbors and friends, and contributed his mite to a fund which at some future period will come as a friend to the distressed, and illuminate the countenance of sorrow with a smile. L.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 22.

Unde et quo Catius?

The Foundling, (Moore) and the Wags of Windsor. Friday, March 20.

The celebrity of Mr. Moore, has arisen from his Fables rather than his dramatic works; which consist of three plays. *Gil Blas* is considered ridiculous, *the Gamester*, being a tragedy written in prose, is said to betray a poverty of genius, and *The Foundling*, from its striking resemblance to Steele's Conscious Lovers, can claim but little praise for its originality. The first acts of this comedy are sprightly without wit, and moral without variety of character or dialogue. The last however becomes interesting, as the cloud which overhangs Fidelia begins to thicken, and in conclusion, when it expands and dissipates by the sunshine of good fortune, the mind is gratified with the triumph of virtue. But the incidents are not singularly striking nor is the composition eminent for beauty of illustration, or strength of expression. It is a comedy which cannot boast of any character of force. Faddle is contemptible, his meanness, his self conceit, his cowardice, his hypocrisy and pitiful arts render him completely the object of contempt; too ridiculous for satire and too frivolously corrupt for serious assault. Fidelia is a pleasing personage; but while she excites pity for her misfortunes, she posseses no remarkable trait which stamps a new model of nature's excellence. An hundred plays have been written, with heroines equally beautiful, amiable and unfortunate. The other parts are merely the ordinary of nature's sale-work; she has "set no mark upon them." The moral may be objected to, as neither Faddle, Villiard, nor Belmont, receive sufficient, or even any punishment. The latter indeed is made to *repent* of his designs on Fidelia, and for that repentance is rewarded with her hand, heart and fortune. But to acknowledge guilt and even the compunction arising from it does not exempt a man from receiving punishment; and much less therefore does it entitle him, to all the felicity the poet can confer.

The performance as might naturally be supposed did not confer much pleasure; the deficiencies both of the play and the performance checked all favourable hope.

We were rather pleased with the acting of Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Poe and Mr. Usher; but not with the rest. The play we suppose was intended to exhibit Mr. Powell in Faddle; that his friends, the third time, might be gratified with his appearance.

Columbus, (Moreton) and the Rival Soldiers. Wednesday, March 25.

The subject on which the play of Columbus is founded, affords in itself

but few materials for an interesting drama. The arrival of a tribe of adventurers in the new world, the simple ideas and savage customs of the natives, and the rapacity of European avarice, seem necessarily the principal traits of a production predicated on the discovery of America. Though Mr. Moreton seemed well aware of the difficulties of his task, he was also unwilling to relinquish it; and, by endeavouring to interweave new circumstances of interest in his plot, he has involved in it a violation of fact and probability, and has produced a play in which action has no unity, and time no limits.

For the incidents and characters of this production, we are not disposed to bestow much praise. The scene is laid in Peru, where Columbus never was, and the period which elapses in the representation is about three years, or the time escaped from his first arrival at San Salvadore to his return from Spain with his third fleet. The language and ideas of the savages, are too civilized for their rude uncultivated minds; Nelti has the cunning of a modern coquette. The effect of Indian necromancy is improbable and forced; for, who can believe two persons to become friends merely from the tale of an ignorant Indian girl, who a moment previous were inveterate foes.

Columbus it appears carries with him an Englishman who is made first to discover land; this circumstance may very well consist with the partiality of the author to his country, however it may contradict the tenor of history. Besides, this Englishman has wit and refinement originating in too modern a period to be naturally introduced in an expedition of the fifteenth century.—He is made to tell Columbus how much credit his own country did him, at the very period when England had rejected the solicitations of Columbus to favor his scheme; and so far from being high in the rolls of honour and fame, could not then boast of having conducted any enterprize or promoted any useful discovery.

With this character, there are a lawyer and a physician, a priest and a villain introduced to make up an agreeable variety. That *three* of these persons *might* be on board the fleet of Columbus we can readily conceive; but what motive could induce a lawyer to undertake a voyage of hazardous experiment, to discover as yet unknown regions is not easily imagined. The savages, we presume, were not supposed to be litigious, and stand in need of him. But the author wished to hunt villany, to ridicule popery, to decry physicians and reprobate lawyers, they being then the most popular themes of abuse; so he carried over Roldan, Catalpo, Bribon and Dolores to America, and there left them to shift for themselves. Columbus the nominal hero, has little to say, and much glowing expression which might fairly have been given to him was omitted; Dolores and Bribon belong to farce, and should not be endured in legitimate comedy.

The plot cannot boast of more merit than the incidents or characters. The romantic story of Alonzo and Cora, was stolen from the Incas of Marmontel; and the idea of the loves of Herbert and Nelti, seems to be similar to the underplot of Coleman's Incle and Yarico.—There is no object of principal attention in the piece. The mind is distracted by four or five stories; of which, that which relates to Columbus comprises the smallest share.

The performance of this evening was not respectable; for though the strength of the company was employed it failed of producing the expected satisfaction.

Columbus, by Mr. Fennel, had every thing done for it that the character would admit of, and more than it deserved. He was highly impressive in the scene where his soldiers revolt.—His emphasis throughout was judicious; and we think his voice has never appeared more clear, or his articulation more distinct.

Mr. Usher's Alonzo was deficient in tenderness, and force of expression. At times indeed we were gratified with him, but in general his performance was indifferent.

As to Harry Herbert by Mr. F— the character was spirited, but he hurried so much in his delivery, that he lost half his part in his confusion of utterance. There may be spirit without impetuosity; and Mr. Fox, of all the performers on our stage, should, in the tempest of passion, study to acquire that "temperance which may give it smoothness." The characters of Dolores,

Mr. Bernard, and Bribon, by Mr. Dickenson, were supported by all the extravagance of drollery and overstrained efforts of grimace. Roldan, from the great exertions of Mr. Downie, was heard; but not accurately understood.

Mr. Poe, as Orozimbo, was equally as simple, as a savage chief of uncivilized America could be expected to have been.

Cora, by Mrs. Powell, possessed all the interest that all the talents of the actress could inspire;—in the scene of the earthquake she deported herself respectably. But in truth she is, in respect to person, not adapted to attract the lover; and one is apt to believe, when witnessing her performance in love scenes, "it is delusion all;" it is no imitation of reality.

Nelti is a part by no means suited to the talents of Mrs. Stanley. Low comedy is no more calculated for her, than heroic tragedy. Mrs. Poe would have been better adapted to the part.

There was a general defect as to costume and characteristic appearance throughout this play. The Indian men and women of San Salvadore or Peru, were of a light copper colour; and their dress, when they had any, was rather of feather, than of spangled muslin, and thrown loosely over their limbs rather than tortured into festoons or than *cut* into various shapes. For where there is nothing sharper than gold, the cutting out of clothes is a work of labour.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Nihil magni nunc fit in literis, says Leibnitz. Yet of how many great writers he was the cotemporary. That which lasts long is seldom popular at first, and that which immediately pleases seldom continues to please.

A writer in a work of no small character has the following observations:

I have observed that the influence of fashion enters into every concern and its various turns and changes have almost as sensible an effect upon literature as upon dress, upon philosophy as politics. Every change arises from the increase of wealth, or knowledge, or industry, or the love of novelty, and it were as easy to discover an adequate cause for a revolution in metaphysics as for the fancy in the shape of a new shoe buckle.

The fashion of *dress*, is always the subject of criticism; in 1770 it was thus humourously described.—A modern fine fellow has a coat on with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets, clouded silk stockings but no legs, a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it, and a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing.

We have often been surprised that the OBERON of Wieland, translated by Sotheby was not better known among us. The copy is scarce and not to be found even in our circulating libraries. The following description from it will reward attention.

Art's boastful pow'rs to conqu'ring nature yield:
Alone so lovely Venus' doves complain.
Her soul that breathes sensation on the strain, [reveal'd.
Warm to his soul her kindling wish
Persuasive tones that clear and clearer spoke, [den broke,
Sighs that enforc'd the sounds they sud-
Cheeks deeper dy'd, the bosom's quickening play,
Each heightening each, the omnipotence betray
Of passion's wild excess to thrilling frenzy woke.

At last, in warm o'erpow'ring feelings tranc'd, [hand:
Th' unnotic'd lute fell silent from her
But at the instant that her arms expand
Huon, whose eye with scornful virtue glanc'd, [wire,
Grasps with enthusiast haste the falling

And thunders from the strings with prophet fire:
The hero on its bold responsive tone
Dares faith & feeling for another own,
And vows that heaven and earth can wake no new desire.

Firm was his tone, his high heroic look
Glow'd like a god.—Th' enchantress, 'gainst her will.
Feels his superior force—tears wildly fill
Her eyes indignant—pride and rassion shook [disguise—
Her soul with pangs, she cannot, wretch!
To veil her shame from sight away she flies:
Loath'd is the light—too close the spacious hall, [appal,
While with a look that might his soul
She winks her slaves to bear the rebel from her eyes.

It is beautifully remarked by Saint Pierre, The weasel and the moth oblige the wealthy monopolizer to bring his goods to market, and by destroying the wardrobes of the opulent they give bread to the industrious. Were grain as incorruptible as gold it would be soon as scarce, and we ought to bless the hand that created the insect that *obliges* them to sift, turn and ultimately to bring the grain to public sale.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

**** —— Typographic errors! No sir. By far the greater part of the errors which disgrace the productions of the modern press are *autorial* oversights. Too many of our writers are accustomed to send their manuscripts to the press in so slovenly a state, so illegibly written, so carelessly punctuated, so larded with interlineations, so loaded with blots, so cropped with abreviations, so enigmatized with insertions and repetitions and alterations, and explications separately scrawled on detached pieces of paper like the sybils' oracles on the leaves of trees, that we journeymen printers (and few of us are *professed conjurers*) frequently need all the sagacity of an Œdipus, with the keen eyes of a Lynceus to decypher a writer's meaning. Hence numerous errors are unavoidably made in the first instance, which are afterwards overlooked by the author in examining the proof sheets; for how rare to find an author who is capable of reading the proof sheets with any tolerable degree of accuracy, and least of all qualified to read a proof of his own work.—— For in the first place he is not habituated to the minute drudgery of scrutinizing letter by letter and point by point; and then when he fancies himself reading the proof sheet of his composition he is reading his memory, and rather what it *ought to be* than what on the paper it *actually is*.

This has partially the appearance of an apology and may often excuse the errors of the press. But yet correctness is part of the printer's task, and though we say sometimes *there is fault on both sides*, yet we know that to both author and printer incorrect printing is a grievous drawback on excellence.

CRITICAL ACCURACY.

The following is said to be taken from the MSS. of Anthony Wood, and serves as a specimen of the logic and learning which prevailed at Oxford in the beginning of the 14th century.

In king Edward 2d. time, as I remember, at which time the University of Oxford was much addicted to the learning of those who by some were called *Nominals*, for that they were strict in examining the nature and meaning of every word, Merton College being seated upon the walls, and the Master and Fellows of the house being desirous of walking on the meadows that lay close to the walls, thought good to send three of their company to the King then at Woodstock. These being admitted into his presence, one of them signified to his majesty that they were sent by the college to implore *licentiam faciendi ostium*, a licence or liberty to make a door. The second, presently interrupting

him, said that he was mistaken, for that a liberty to make a door was not a satisfaction to them for so they might have a licence and yet the door never be made, therefore his desire was to have *ostium fieri*, a door to be made. Whereupon the third replied they were both mistaken, for so it might still be *in fieri*, but his desire was to have *ostium factam*, a door made. Wherefore the first replied again that they were not so unmannerly as to desire a door made, for that was to demand of the king to make them a door, and he therefore desired they might have leave *posse ostium fieri*, to have it in their power to make a door. But the second again opposing him, and so on, the King grew weary and answered them that he undersood their request, but would not give them satisfaction until they should agree *in modo loquendi*.

Now this story has a fine application—shall we make it? No.—*Qui cupit ille capit.*

There is a pleasant conceit in the following lines which entitle them to considerable credit as a complimentary effusion.

To a Lady who in a poetical epistle had been compared to a star.

To change thee fair Eliza to a star
Is far less flattering than perhaps design'd
They make thee only rule by night from far
Born to give pleasant days to human kind
Renounce a claim injurious to thy powers
Content to shine in this terrestial ball
A star can glitter but a few short hours
Whilst thou sweet maid has charms to gild them all.

The following epigram by Mr. G. Wakefield, was occasioned by a Barber, who on account of his rapidity in conversation, in walking, but more particularly in the exercise of his profession, was called the "*flying Barber*"—

Tonsor ego ; vultus radendo spumeus albet
Mappa subest, ardet culta & unda tepet
Dextera quam rapido gladium rotat impete, culter
Mox tua tam celere strinxerit ora meus
Cedite Romani Tonsores, cedite Graii
Tonsorem regio non habet ulla parem.
Imberbes Grantam, barbati accedite Grantam
Illa palpit mentes & polit illa genas.

When it is considered that these lines are the production of a man who professionally had no concern with love, they will be considered as tolerably good !—

From off that delicate fair cheek
Oh Maid too fair, I did but seek
To steal a kiss, and lo your face
With anger or with shame it glows
What have I done my gentle grace
But change a lilly to a rose ?

By the same.

Dear Ann, a wond'rous Trinity
Hath made thee a divinity
The being strangely beautiful
And strangely chaste and dutiful
And what is more than either
The being each together.

There is no pride so disgusting as that which assumes superiority to a whole respectable profession, and no conduct so illiberal and ungenerous as that which denounces a whole body of men and refuses to allow them any credit or character. The clergy have often been obnoxious to the pert and flippant remarks of every little whitling who is desirous of discovering his wit at the expense of his judgment ; but such satirists are admirably repaid in their own coin by the piquant ingenuity of Sterne in the following instance—

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of Tristram Shandy and the

Sentimental Journey, was of Cambridge university, and though no strict priest, was not of a temper to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee house, he heard a spruce, powdered young fellow by the fire side, who was speaking of the clergy in a mass as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was harranguing and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming towards the gentleman he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addresssed the young fellow—Sir (said he) this *dog* would be the prettiest little animal in the world had he not one disorder.—What disorder is that, replied the young man.—Why sir, one that makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black.—That is a singular disorder, pray how long has he had it.—Sir, replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, ever since he was *a puppy!*

EPIGRAM.

On a Mr. Smart being married to a Miss Pain.

Two lovers, pierc'd by *Cupid's* dart,
Long sigh'd for *Hymen's* chain,
She kindly wish'd to have his SMART,
And he to have her PAIN.

A priest they call'd, nor call'd in vain,
His blessings to impart;
He soon gave longing *Colin* PAIN,
And made fond *Lucy* SMART.

SERED AND TEKAN,

OR, THE TWO DERVISES,

[*Concluded from page* 142.]

The following evening, when the sun was departed to the great desert, Sered again took his way along the banks of the Zanderat, musing on the charms of Nour Hali, and meditating designs of possession.—No wind agitated the foliage, as he silently entered the grove; cautiously advancing, like the insidious serpent through the sheltering herbage. Before the door he paused to listen: the silver voice of Nour Hali was tuned with peculiar harmony, not in singing pastoral ditties, but in discourse with a voice rougher and more sonorous—"Ah," cried Sered, to himself: the blood rushing to his face, "now I shall see what dog is preferred to Sered." He immediately entered, and the timid maid trembling at his baleful sight, cast herself into the arms of her lover for protection.

"Quit this place," cried the young man, in an agitated voice, "let not my lord stoop to destroy the tranquility of his servants."

Sered was nearly choaked with passion, at this familiar remonstrance from one of his own slaves. He paused a moment, then with eyes glowing as the red vapour of the sandy waste, he cried out—"Nolah, is it you who interfere with the pleasures of your master? Take that refractory slave to my haram."

"She is a free woman," replied Nolah, "I dare not offer violence to one of her situation and sex."

"Miscreant," cried Sered, stamping and grasping his dagger, "what art thou that despiseth my will? Stand aside, and let me conduct the reptile."

So saying, he grasped the maiden by the arm, and was dragging her from the hovel, when her lover unable longer to contain, endeavoured with gentle violence to rescue her. The passion of Sered having blinded his caution, he plunged his dagger in the breast of his slave, who fell prone at the feet of his mistress. Sered was for a moment confounded, and having quitted his grasp of Nour Hali, she fled with distracted steps from the cottage.

"Shall I lose her thus?" cried he, hastening after her, "what signifies the death of a slave, who dared to impede my will." The flying maid hastened with feet that defied the wind, and perceiving two persons at a distance, she fled forward, sinking exhausted at their feet.—Sered now halted in pursuit, his garments were tinged with the blood of a slave, and self-preservation turned his steps to his palace, where he brooded over his loss, and consoled himself for the outrage with the idea, that all his perceptions would be lost, when he should have past the present scene of existence.

The persons to whose succour Nour Hali was accidentally obliged, were Tekah and a merchant, whom the beauty of the evening had tempted to wander beyond the precincts of the city. Tekah was instantly struck with the graces of the suppliant, and raising her, with a smile, assured her of protection, and prevailed upon her to take a temporary refuge in his palace.

Having dismissed his friend, Tekah flew to the chamber, where he found the weeping fair.—He sought to sooth the grief which swelled her bosom by the kindest expressions; proposing to send to her residence for intelligence, requiring in the interval her participation in a trifling repast he had ordered of the most delicious viands.

Her beauty every moment impressed itself deeper into his heart. He had hitherto avoided the female sex, lest his attention should be inclined from the accumulation of wealth; but all his resolves now melted away, like the dripping honey from the comb. He hoped, from the account of Nour Hali, that her lover was slain, and he trembled for the return of his messenger with as much anxiety as herself. He came, but his information was obscure, the hut was without inhabitants, and the blood upon the ground remained.

Nour Hali was inconsolable, she flattered herself that her lover was yet alive, and dreaded the increasing warmth of Tekah, whose expressions exceeded the limits of friendship.

For several days she remained imprisoned in the apartments of the women—She was visited alone by Tekah, and his offers were now urged with all the fervor of love, and the softness of a first and genuine passion. But professions, sentiments, and all the luxuries his situation allowed him to supply, made no impression on an heart already attached, and Tekah saw his offers despised and his love rejected.

Education alone had fixed a curb upon his rugged passions. He trembled at crime, not from its moral turpitude, but the dread of retribution. Here, however, was a female, reduced by a singular event, totally within his power; she had rejected his offers of lawful union, and the fever of his mind was not to be allayed with disdain. Lenient measures but encreased her opposition, and force he resolved to substitute.

He brooded for several days over this expedient, recoiling from the moment of execution, as he trembled lest the senses of the maid should be impaired by the shock of suspended terror. These considerations changed the medium of his purpose, and substituting a drug, he proposed, when her mind should be absorded in inanity, to reduce her to his will.

Several days Sered sought in vain for Nour Hali, examining the slave markets, and prying into every abode, nor was her total seclusion

less unaccountable than the disappearance of Nolah, whose body had been conveyed away by some secret agent. Unable to forget the beauty of her person, he spent hours on his terrace, which he traversed with painful agitation. Its situation overlooked the gardens of Tekah, and he beheld, in the cool of the evening, a female figure, whose air and mien reminded him of his loss.—Transfixed to the spot, his eyes alone wandered after her, and his doubts gave place to certainty, when her angelic features were discovered beneath her veil, which the wind agitated at pleasure.

"The wretch," cried Sered, "he confines in his haram the woman on whom my soul delights. He shall return her to my arms, or I will hurl ruin upon his head. He sent instantly to Tekah, requiring his presence upon concerns of importance; but all his arguments could not prevail on him to dismiss Nour Hali, and it was with difficulty Sered restrained himself from violence on the spot.

Tekah left the raving Sered, to determine some plan of vengeance himself. More than ever resolved on securing the reluctant maid, before accident should have power to tear her from his possession—he prepared a sumptuous collation, mingling with her sherbet the drug he had procured, and whose effects soon began to shade in torpor the senses of Nour Hali. A slave, the only female servant in his house, conducted her to her chamber, while Tekah hastened to take possession of his ill obtained prize. The first prayer of midnight was passed, when he advanced to the chamber of the slumbering virgin;—her cheeks were tinged with the vermilion of the rose, and innocence sported on her features. Tekah paused a moment in silent and trembling awe. His scruples and his fear rushed again upon his soul—"What a wretch am I?" muttered he, "shall I destroy all the hopes and tranquility of a bosom so serene?—Shall I become a monster and be blasted by the frown of Omnipotence?—The gardens of paradise I could forego; for paradise possesses no sweet more perfect than this!—But shall I hazard eternal and inevitable destruction; shall I wake upon me the vengeance of inscrutable and unerring Alla? No, no; it must not be:—triumph, Nour Hali, thy virtue has conquered!"

At this moment a loud shout burst upon his ears. He retired from the chamber in disorder, when rising flames gleamed upon his sight, and cracking fire thundered around him. A slave whom he knew not, rushed towards him—"Save yourself," he cried, "your palace is in flames; follow me"—"First," cried Tekah, "duty demands me elsewhere. In yon chamber you will find a valuable casket, preserve it. I depend on your honour." The slave seized the casket, and hastening towards the garden, met Sered in his way—who was already searching the house in pursuit of Nour Hali, hoping to convey her away in the tumult himself had caused, by firing the palace of Tekah.

The slave, who was no other than Nolah, (whom fate had conducted to the spot the moment the flames burst forth,) no sooner perceived his former master in a situation where revenge could be received unwitnessed, than he plunged his dagger into his bosom, and hurled him down the steps, escaping into the garden.

Tekah with difficulty rescued the sleeping maid from the flames; but having conveyed her to a place of safety, he returned to overlook the

uin. The devouring element, agi-ted by a boisterous wind, had chang-d its direction, and the palace of ered meeting its rage, was, in a w moments, levelled to the dust. s iniquitous master was saved with fficulty from the tumbling roof nd being insensible from his wound nd bruises, was conveyed to the ouse of a neighbour, where, in his elirium, he accused himself of so any crimes, together with the pre-nt outrage, that it became ces-ry to inform the Cadi, who issued writing of detention, till the affair hould be more minutely examined.

The palace of Tekah had suffered ly in the womens' apartments; t the slave who had taken the wels was no where to be found, d a reward was proclaimed for his covery; to which his indiscretion offering the gems for sale, soon er led.

Sered appealed from the power the Cadi to an higher tribunal; d the Sultan resolved in person to ness the trial of a man, who had used himself in the ravings of lirium.

The hall was extremely crowded, Sered (though labouring under rsonal derangment) had recover-his reason; and there being no itive accusation, the sentence of quittal was about to be pronounc-when the dervises Vishni and lem entered the hall.

Unmindful of the royal presence, y advanced through the crowd, placing themselves at the foot he throne, Salem bowed thrice, began—

"Sovereign of kings; deign to ive instruction from the inci-ts before you; and ye people, nd the moral of this transaction, be wise!—Sered is guilty—be-e reason, without a dread of future punishment, is unable to restrain the violence of human passions:—his own vices have brought upon him his present sufferings; already is the work of retribution begun.—Tekah is innocent——not from inclination, but the force of education, which induced him to tremble at the consequence of crime. The first virtuous action of his life, arising from purity of intention, was preferring the safety of Nour Hali to his own, to the casket of jewels, and this action will be rewarded by the love of that amiable maid:—gratitude already fills her heart. Her lover, the weak-minded Nolah, was rescued from death by my care. It was I who sent him to warn Tekah of his danger; but the temptation was too strong; he fancied to escape detection, but the eye of Providence was upon him, and while he grasped the gems, he forfeited life and Nour Hali, who, from the moment she learns his perfidy, will despise and detest him.—O then, ye people! and thou, O Sultan! be assured, that if sometimes justice lifts the sword and poises the scale in this life, much more shall the next be accountable for the actions of the present!—Vishni, who stands there, wrapped in confusion, is an evil genii, who insidiously, and by representing man in false but glittering colours, dazzles and deceives your minds; believe neither him nor his doctrine." "And how," cried the Sultan, "shall we believe thee?"—"This," cried Salem, his eyes sparkling with heavenly fire, "this is the token of my truth!"

At that moment the hall was illumined with a blaze of impervious light. The forms of the dervises were lost in air; and on the spot where Vishni had stood remained only a heap of ashes.

G. WALKER.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

WEALTH.—A DIALOGUE.

A. "O Wealth! our being's end and aim!
Gold, Silver, Land, or Stocks, whate'er thy name;
To me propitiously incline thine ear,
If ragged poet you will deign to hear;
Turn on this haggard face thine eye for once.

B. Then give thee o'er a poor man and a dunce.

A. Dunce! *B.* Yes, for learning in these allwise days
Is found alone the rich man gift and praise,
Learning in poverty mankind despise,
Crœsus with them, as Solomon is wise,
Lo! where slow pacing through the crowded streets
Receiving cringes, bows, from all he meets,
Yon proud man comes—all look serene and gay
As rural labourers on a holiday:
Trembling they eye him as he passes by,
And round him fast, what throngs of suppliants fly!—

A. That man for learning, worth, is sure renown'd!

B. No—but he's rich—all else is empty sound—
There goes a man whom learn'd and wise they call
But mark, he's trampled on, despis'd by all.

A. And is it thus: has learning no applause,
No friend to justify her noble cause?
And are there none, who bravely dare aspire
To claim some portion of celestial fire:
To taste delights, from Learning fount, that spring,
Or soar aloft on bold Peggassian wing!

B. But few, my friend, for o'er this busy land
Plutus, with golden sceptre, holds command; [obey,
Yes, reigns supreme, and *all* his laws

* *Oh Happiness, our being's end in aim!*
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name. *Pope.*

The old, the young, the serious and the gay.
Go, break thy harp, thy useless song give o'er,
Tune thy soft strains to surly Mammon's slaves?
Go sing to Ocean when the tempest raves,

A. No, let Ambition lure, or riches tempt;
To me *they're* wise, from all such care exempt,
Shall I, for wealth, scorning the Muses fire,
Tear from my harp, with angry hand the wire?
My harp!—my solace in Affliction hour!
Thy sound is grateful, as May's dewy show'r,
To me than riches, grandeur, dearer!
Thou art *my wealth*—shall be my pole *star.* LEON

Boston, March 23.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO.

Pizarro here was born; a great name,
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil want
And Danger never from his course terr'd
This daring soldier; many a fight won;
He slaughtered thousands, he subd a rich
And ample realm; such were Pizarro deeds
And wealth & power & fame were reward
Among mankind.

THERE IS ANOTHER WORLD.

Oh Reader if you earn your daily by
By daily labour, if your lot be low,
Be hard & wretched, thank the gracious God,
Who made you, that you were PIZARRO.

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